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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one month, \$1.00; three months, \$2.50; six months, \$4.50; one year, \$8.00.

VOL. IV.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., AUGUST 3, 1882.

NO. 47.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion, \$1.00; one square, two insertions, \$1.50; one square, one month, \$2.50.

The larger advertisements liberal contracts will make.

The Chatham Record.

Summer Thoughts. Spring brings life to sleeping winter. Starting bud and blade and root. Changing frost and sunshine into Opening leaf and tender shoot.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

"She has got a face like one of her rose buds," said Mr. Fitzalan to his friend, Frank Calverly. "I have heard of her more than once," returned Frank. "The pretty flower girl, people call her, don't they? Old Frizhan has doubted his custom since she came here."

ening up the stock of the day before with wet moss and cool water, and clipping the stems of the rosebuds. "No more carnations, John," she said briskly; "nor amaryllis flowers; and we want plenty of rosebuds and lilies-of-the-valley. We have an order for twenty-eight extra bouquets for a dinner-party, and I hope you have brought plenty of camellias and scarlet geraniums, and those bright flowers."

"Dear me," carelessly interrupted Dolly, "why don't they put it in the greenhouse?" "Because, Dolly," said the young man, reddening, "it reminds us of you. And the meadow lark in the cage sings beautifully; and old red Brindle has a little spotted calf!"

"I've almost a mind to call him back," said she to herself, as she picked out a bunch of white violets for the new comer. "I do like John Deadwood; but I think he has no right to consider himself engaged to me, just because of that boy and girl nonsense. One's idea's change as one gets on in life."

"Oh!" said she, lifting her eye glasses, "you're from the florist's, are you? Well, I know nothing about these things—I only want the rooms to look elegant. Tell your husband to spare no expense."

"Mr. Frizhan is not my husband," said Dolly. "Your father, then?" "But he isn't my father," insisted Dolly, half laughing. "He's no relation at all. I will tell him, however."

"He has only been amusing himself with me," said Dolly to herself. There was a sharp ache at her heart; but, after all, it was only the sting of wounded pride. Thank Heaven—oh, thank Heaven! it was nothing worse than that.

Various remarkable theories have been advanced regarding the tides. Many of these are truly so absurd that it is hardly worth while to refer to them. Persons find it difficult to understand why the tides are higher at one time than another, and why they rise to the height of sixty feet in the Bay of Fundy, forty in the ports of Bristol, England, and St. Malo, France, and only rise to a few feet in height at New York and other places, while they are scarcely perceptible in the Baltic and other seas.

"I don't know as you like my dinner," "Why, yes," said I, "I do. I like it very well—it is very good."

FASHION NOTES.

Lace ruffles are used to edge the clings silk dresses worn at receptions. Crushed banana is the name for the new pale yellow shade worn this season. Two deep box-pleatings, arranged as puffs, make a beautiful tunic for summer silk dresses.

English women use many old-fashioned fabrics that have long been out of the market in this country. These are chiefly, muslin-de-laine, painted muslins, taffeta silks and the handkerchief dresses.

"I don't see any," he murmured. "Don't you know where you keep your cloths? I expect I might stand around here till doomsday, while the moths corrode and thence do break into this razor strap and steal the whole business, without finding a piece of cloth to wipe it on."

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Spoopendyke's Strach.

"Oh, dear!" grunted Mrs. Sloopendyke. "I'm sure I'm going to die!" and the good woman flopped over in the bed and contemplated her husband with a pale face and a look of general debility. "You will be good to baby, won't you, dear?"

"You'll send baby to a good school, and see that she marries happily, dear?" groaned Mrs. Sloopendyke, adapting a woman's style of hinting that the ginger would be acceptable. "And you'll bury me by mother?"

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That razor strap? What'd ye do with that strap?

Mrs. Sloopendyke eyed him, but made no response. "Point out to me the present address of that strap!" howled Mr. Sloopendyke. "Take this finger and lay it tenderly on the home and country of that strap!" and Mr. Sloopendyke whirled around like a grindstone and filled the air with bottles and boxes, and powders and pills.

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A Lullaby.

Sleep, my child! the shadows fall; Silent darkness reigns o'er all; Bright and bloom are fast to flight In the folded arms of night; Stars will soon from cloud-covers peep, While all nature lies asleep.

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